

Abbot Class Book

1915

LIBRARY
OF
ABBOT ACADEMY

No.

Abbot Academy Class Book

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN



Andover Massachusetts

—— 1915 ——

The Senior Class of nineteen fifteen dedicates this book to
Professor and Mrs. John Phelps Taylor whose appreciation
and sympathy have been a constant inspiration.



THE ANDOVER PRESS
ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS





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25% cleverness



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35% family connections



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30% steadiness
10% moodiness



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40% originality



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20% differentness
20% prima donna

45% impulsiveness
25% cleanliness
30% cleverness



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15% love of butter
25% seriousness

55% keeping Fritz dark
25% peach
20% wearing well



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BUCKSPORT, MAINE.



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40% joviality
20% athleticism
25% lending a hand
15% good sport

25% jeunesse
35% conscientiousness
10% fragility
30% latent capacities



ARLINE TALCOTT
GLASTONBURY, CONN.



GERTRUDE SHACKLETON
LAWRENCE, MASS.

45% amiability
30% giggles
25% "I should worry"

50% power of tantalization
20% improves on acquaintance
30% power of dispelling gloom



ADA WILKEY
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



MARTHA WILLIAMS
GLASTONBURY, CONN.

35% wit
5% eyelashes
30% earnestness
10% gesticulation
20% obesity

20% amiability
25% intense
40% unexplored depths
15% Chicago-ism



MARION WINKLEBLECK
CHICAGO, ILL.

Class History of 1915

It was with great awe that we took our places in Abbot Hall to hold our first class meeting to elect officers for our Senior-Middle year. It was hard to realize that we were at last a real class and having the privilege of voting, but when the meeting was adjourned we felt capable of conquering worlds. The most important events of the year were the play, which from our point of view was a success, and the class banquet, which was really the first time we were all together as a class. It gave us a feeling of union and made us realize just what it meant to be loyal members of the class of nineteen fifteen.

The year was brought to a close by the gift of the Senior Parlor, on which occasion we for the first time received a sense of the significance and the deep solemnity of the Senior year.

At the beginning of the year we immediately began to make use of the luxury of the newly-decorated Senior Parlor, in which our class meeting for election of officers was held.

The next landmark of this memorable year was the never-to-be-forgotten Senior Picnic. After a wonderful spread a very select entertainment was furnished by members of the class, and a fitting close to a glorious lark was the moonlight and tuneful ride back to school.

The time between this and mid-years was filled with good, hard work, but we received our adequate reward in the four days' outing at Intervale in the White Mountains, which we have since relived many times and the memory of which will never cease to be an inexhaustible source of enjoyment.

Our Senior year has not been all smooth sailing. Our trials and tribulations came in ample quantity while rehearsing for the Senior play; however, the memory of the unpleasant past has been banished by the memory of the unexpected and overwhelming success which attended the final production.

As the year approaches its close we stand for a moment and contemplate with grateful hearts all that we have gained and achieved in the time that we have spent at Abbot.

There are a few more events before our year is concluded and then we go out in the "wide, wide world", where we hope to make use of all that we have gained, and abide by the standards of our Alma Mater.

May we all live up to our motto: "Be your best that you may give your best to a world that needs you."



If we have chosen to root you
Up from the forest's heart,
If we have elected to set you
Here in a place apart,
Think not, little tree, we lacked purpose—
One we have had from the start.

We wanted to make you the guardian
Of all we have learned to hold dear;
For to-day we must fare forth from Abbot,
The school we have loved through the year,
Loved with a love growing stronger
As we felt separation was near.

As dryads of old were embodied
In trees, and sweet spirits in streams,
The spirit of '15 we leave you,
Little Spruce, when the moon's misty beams
Or the sun's shimmering rays rest upon you,
May we trust you to cherish our dreams?

CATHERINE C. LEACH

ABBOT ACADEMY

Andover, Massachusetts

June, 1925

Dearest Mattie:

Such an inspiring time of year to be in Switzerland! You must be enjoying the gorgeous scenery immensely — and getting many sketches for the picture which you have long promised us. We surely are proud of our famous lady — you do 1915 great honor — yes, you do; I can almost see that modest, self-deprecatory nod — but you know it's true.

But now to tell you of the reunion—commencement, and how we missed you. Shall I tell you what everyone's doing first? Yes, you say? Very well. I suppose it would be a wise plan to begin with "String"—our lady president. My dear! You'd never know her. She's grown very large and imposing-looking — a little awe-inspiring as of old. You know she's quite a society queen now — dances for all the smart charity affairs, and is a noted horse-woman, and *they say* she is going to marry a titled foreigner, but that of course is only hearsay.

Such a startling entrance was made by "Mikey" Hamblet! We were sauntering slowly round the circle, when we heard a tremendous buzzing, and "Mikey" alighted from the sportiest monoplane that's been seen around here for a good while — quite characteristic of her?

In the midst of all the excitement, a tall lady swathed in multitudinous veils entered. On her ankles and arms were jingling bangles, and a heavy, mysterious odor emanated from her garments. We didn't know whether we were being honored by the presence of a Hindu princess or whether it was merely a gypsy fortune-teller. While we were gazing in wonder, the vision let fall her mantle, and a willowy form emerged which we all immediately pounced upon — for it was none other than our dear old Patty Williams. But she is Patty no longer.

You have heard of Mme. Zula Vachesky? Well, it's our Patty — a world-famed clairvoyant.

Not the least among the celebrities present were the two authoresses — the Leach twins. They have just published a book on "Correct Dancing", and it has been very highly commended by the *Outlook*.

You have heard of Madame Sontemorri, the eminent authority on Child Education. Dear Marion Barnard is in her element with all the children to experiment on she could wish for, since schools founded on her method are established in every part of the world.

Our dear little Sarah is now appearing as Cassandra. The success with which the presentation of this role was greeted has rendered it impossible for her to be with us. Rumor hath it that the coronets of Dukes and Earls are lying at her dainty little feet.

Have you heard of the exalted occupation of Gertrude Shackleton? She is running a jitney line *de luxe*, between Abbot and old P. A. Needless to say she has an overwhelming patronage and we understand that she is worth a small mint.

Muriel, otherwise known as Mme. Valeska, gave us a free demonstration of her special dance, which has made her queen of the cabaret dances.

And dear old Aurelia has been an efficient member of the staff of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, New York, for over three years. From all accounts she is the most popular and best-beloved woman in her profession. Her unselfish devotion to her patients has won her the esteem and regard of a great many people. She has been called a second Florence Nightingale.

Our bouncing Shelly is now bouncing around in China. She is teaching calisthenics to Chinese ladies, and her success is amply demonstrated by the sudden elongation of Chinese feet.

Well, my dear, you can guess how excited we were when the "First Lady in the Land" joined our circle. Imagine it! Dear old Norm, the wife of the President of the United States! However, her exalted position apparently made no difference — she was the same old Norm

we felt we couldn't do without at Abbot and her dimples were deeper than ever. What do you think she brought? An invitation from the President for the whole class to come down to the White House and meet all the celebrities. You will simply have to get back for this!

Jessie, our class bride, is as coy as ever. However, she is not so secretive as of yore, about the immortal "Fritz"—in fact, it is rather hard work to get her to talk on any other topic. She is a truly inspiring example of blissful domesticity.

We were all delighted when Betty Gleason was able to obtain a leave of absence from the school where she is teaching in Bingville, Texas. She had many amusing stories to tell us of the children's devotion to her. However, we were glad to find that the ardors of teaching had not deprived her of her girlish giggle.

While we were still greeting Betty, we heard the clatter of hoofs on the newly-concreted circle and on rushing forth we perceived a vision in gauze and spangles poised lightly upon a horse's back. When the "vision" had approached nearer we discovered it to be none other than Helen Bruce, whom you remember to have been so demure.

You remember little Bun Allen? Well, she has married the famous modern exponent of the Pre-Raphaelite school and she now poses as a model for innumerable madonnas and saints.

Not the least among our celebrities is one who has explored realms far beyond our ken at Abbot, Professor Winklebleck. You would never recognize our one-time "Winkie" in the grave and distinguished scientist, who has achieved undying fame by discovering the ultimate atom.

You remember our "good kid"? Well, my dear, Eleanor is now a scientific farmer. Yes! After taking a course in Cornell, she bought a farm in New Hampshire and is making a go of it. She now talks nothing but rotation of crops, milk and cream separators, to say nothing of roosters and "hawgs".

"Phillis" Brooks, my dear, is the Republican candidate for the governorship of Massachusetts. The evidences are all in favor of her having an easy victory over her opponents. We girls heard one of her platform speeches — and she actually moved us all to tears.

Wasn't it the most fortunate thing you ever heard of, about "Lam"? Imagine it! This was the only time she would have been able to be with us for ten years more anyway. She and her husband, Dr. Thomas Jackson, have returned for six months in order to get more supplies and money, so that they may extend their wonderful work. They have gone farther north than any of their predecessors, and they now number eight thousand Eskimos, whom they have converted.

Our college beauty, Arline, is now travelling through the West as an advance agent for Billy Sunday. Her methods of arousing enthusiasm are so successful that at times she is in danger of being mobbed by over-enthusiastic members of her audiences.

Rena and "Migie", as you perhaps know, are starring in the "Follies of 1925". All New York is wild about them. "Migie" was wearing a bunch of fifty orchids and Rena was radiant in an ermine coat.

Ada looks charming and more fascinating than ever in her widow's weeds. She is extremely popular in Pittsburg, and between you and me and the gatepost, there are at least two distinguished personages who would give much for the privilege of wiping the tears from her blue eyes. I almost forgot to say that her mouth still crinkles at the corners when she smiles.

And our dear old light-headed Si! Impulsive and versatile as ever! A book of charming love songs was immediately followed by an amazing record; yes, she came in first in the big International Auto Race — to our delight and to the horror of all those good, romantic old souls whom she pleases with her poetry. She looked simply stunning, with those golden locks in a perfectly fiendish twist — quite new, but, oh my!

And now I believe this completes the list. Don't you think you owe it to us to write the latest and fullest particulars concerning your own dear self? How is the young German officer who stayed at your hotel, and which is to come off first, the exhibition of your masterpiece in the Royal Academy, or ——!

With oceans of love and a kiss on every wave from all of us,

Your devoted

"CHUM"



Katherine Adams

Phyllis Brooks

Sarah Cushing

Mattie Farrabee

Charlotte Morris

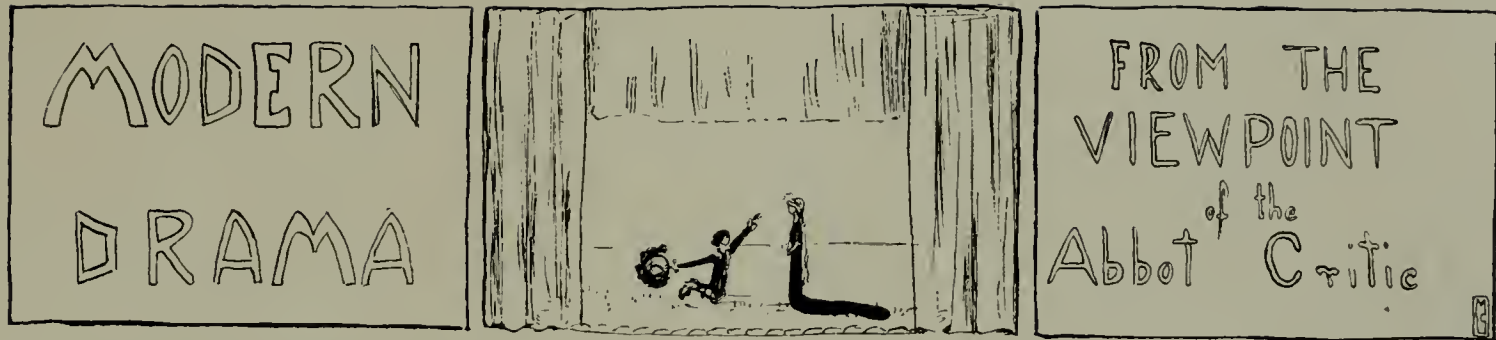
Ruth Olman

Dorothy Pillsbury

Marion Selden

Esther Sheldon

Elizabeth Wood



Rebekah of Sunnyside Farm

In plot and characterization it is unique, a law unto itself. It is not the sort of production that holds you spellbound, but nevertheless it has a charm all its own. The play is one which no one can afford to miss because of the inspiration it affords.

Peg O' My Heart

The heroine is a winsome and charming lass from Buffalo, who immediately captivates all hearts. The play does not contain a great number of clever lines, neither is it intensely dramatic, but no one who sees and hears it will regret that delightful experience.

Patty Long-Legs

This is a play which has not as yet received its just dues. It has many merits which have evidently been overlooked. It is a play which is perhaps better appreciated the second or third time which one sees it than on the first occasion. It is to be highly commended for its unexpected flashes of wit and the naïve originality evinced in both plot and construction.

Without the Law

The cast of this production is composed of quite a number of distinguished celebrities; not the least among these are Julie Sherman, Betty Bissell, Ruth Moore, Marie Gardner, and a number of others equally famous. This play is rich in both excitement and amusement, but after one has witnessed the performance, one can't help regretting that the undeniable ability of the cast should be wasted on a mediocre piece.

Under Cover

The direct opposite of the play just criticized. At first, it has a very strong appeal — but one soon finds oneself comparing it to *Without the Law*, and the comparison is immensely detrimental to *Under Cover*. The amusement and excitement afforded by the daring plots are greatly impaired in the latter play by the lack of frankness, openness, and spontaneity which constitute the chief merit of the rival production. It is a play which we should hesitate to pronounce worth while.

The Beauty Shop

Some extremely popular actresses appear in this comedy. The leading lady is Miss Esther Davis. A peculiar thing about this actress is that she always reserves her really best work for “Christmas time”. The part requires quite an extensive make-up, and she has been known to take over two hours in preparation for one of her appearances during one of the “Christmas” holidays.

The Shadow

Miss Brooks, an actress of unusual charm and quiet dignity, who appeals alike to all classes, is practically the whole show. The exquisite finish and technique which are associated with her presentations, should place her on a level with Sarah Bernhardt or Mrs. Fiske, were it not that she never quite forgets or loses herself in her part. But while this actress has not great genius, she most certainly has great talent, and a most successful future may be safely predicted for her.

Grumpy

Another misleading title — nothing could be further removed from a gloomy effect than the whole atmosphere of this play. From beginning to end it is one long laugh, although here and there a serious note creeps in, which, however, does not at all mar the artistic worth of the play. We extend our heartiest congratulations to Miss Sheldon for an excellent bit of work.

The Smart Set

This is an amusing little farce which, while it never touches bottom, nevertheless provides a certain amount of entertainment. The costumes and staging are particularly noteworthy. They are in some instances most elaborate. The most popular members of the cast are Miss Butler, Miss Weber, Miss Ferguson, Miss Erickson, Miss Balfe, and last but not least, Miss Warfield.

Banty Pulls the Strings

It appears that this play was produced a couple of years ago in Davis Hall, and, on account of the success with which it was attended it has been decided to revive it, although under entirely new management. If you have not already made its acquaintance, you undoubtedly will soon do so, as it was and still is immensely popular. A great treat is in store for those who have not yet made its acquaintance, while those who already know it will count all praise too weak.

The Quaker Girl

If one wishes to be genuinely amused and at the same time have all of one's senses captivated by delight, do not fail to see this deliciously original show. The name is misleading — though Miss Wilkey looks the part to perfection. As the play advances we find that the seemingly demure and modest little heroine is in reality far from quakerish. There is quite enough spice in this piece to satisfy even the most blasé habituées, and yet it is of a quality so refined that it should not offend, even the ultra fastidious.

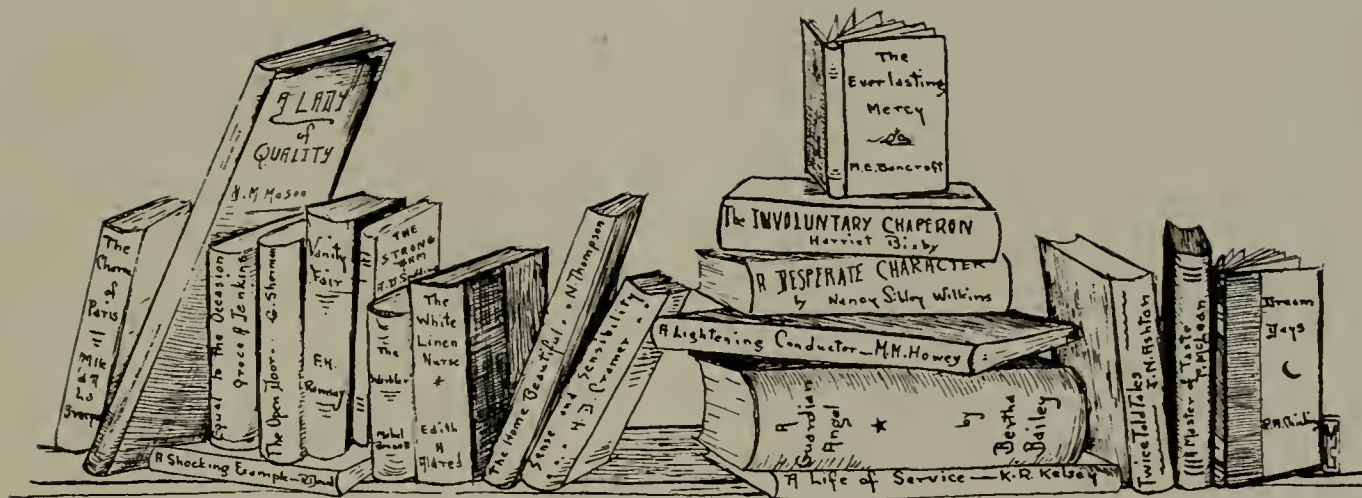


Initiations

Oh young, fair youth upon our green,
Whence came ye here?
Whence came ye forth with joyous mien
To gaze upon our scene?
Alas! we hear a woeful sound,
He's opened wide his mouth,
And forth came "One, two, three," in tones
That waken all the house.

And soon our friend spies on the street
A mooly cow!
He leads her by one dainty horn,
And round the path they speed.
The Abbot girls from windows lean,
The sight's too good to miss,—
To see a P. A. boy and cow,
What better could one wish?





Once upon a midnight dreary, everything was dark and feary,
Gathered stealthily in a secret chamber, supped midnight feasters four.
While they revelled without clapping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at the chamber door.
Quoth a stern voice, "I am surprised!" and grimly shut the door.
Quote the culprits, "Nevermore!"

Apologies to
EDGAR ALLEN POE

The Mills of the Gods

Put in Emily and grind out a String.
Put in Lois and grind out Moore.
Put in Babe and grind out a Dot.
Put in Ada and grind out a Lam.
Put in Ted and grind out a Stohn.
Put in Polly and grind out a "Mill".



Abbot Nursery Rhymes

With apologies to Mother Goose

Hey diddle diddle,
Liz and the fiddle,
Miss Chickering thought 'twas a comb;
Her great aspirations
Were dashed to the nations,
So she and her fiddle went home.

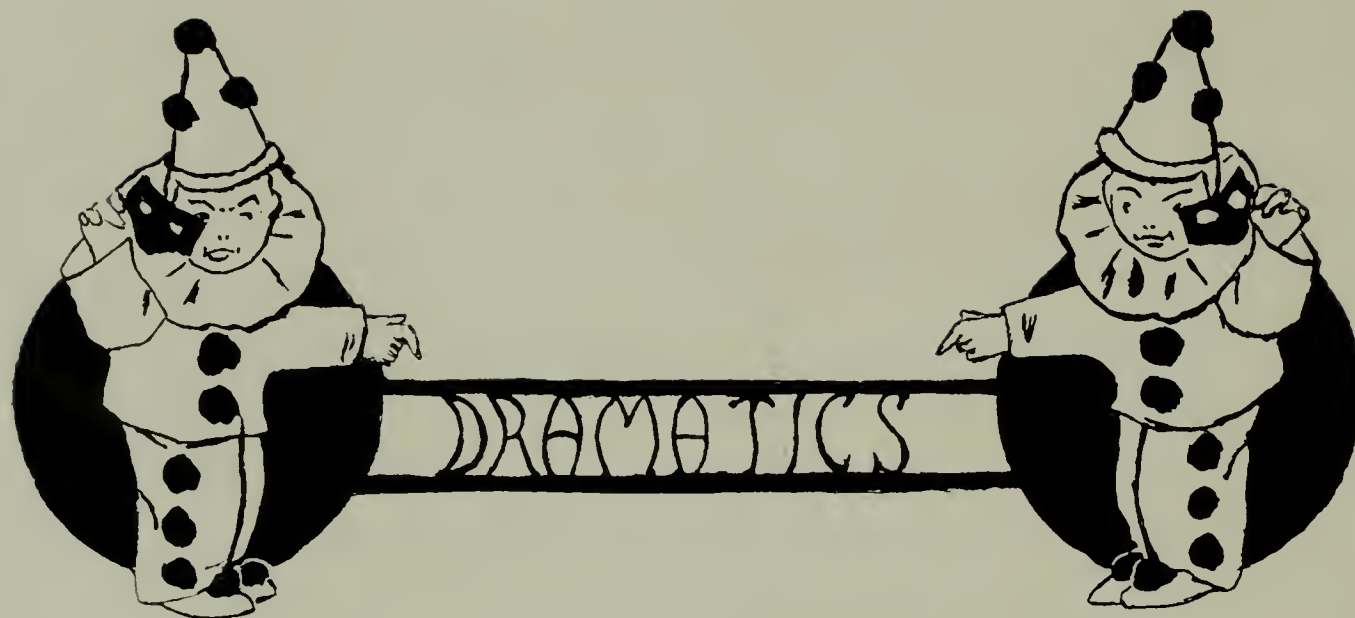
Ride a cock-horse with good Mr. Cross,
And see a young lady upon a black horse.
While she is riding she's gay as an elf,
But when she comes back she must eat off the
shelf.

Mildred did need no fat,
Pauline did need no lean,
And between the two, you see
Things very well have been.

Dard and Mill went up the hill
(Not) to fetch a pail of water.
Each tried a bit
To make a hit —
They knew they hadn't oughter.

Little Ruth Moore
Rapped at the door
To see if her friend was at home.
She opened it wide
And thereupon spied
Both Lois and Jane were at home.

Hey diddle diddle, my friend Pill,
Went to breakfast with her hair done ill,
One shoe on and one shoe off,
Hey diddle diddle, my friend Pill.



Senior Play

“A Scrap of Paper”

PROSPER COURAMONT

BARON DE LA GLACIÈRE

BRISEMOUCHE, *landed proprietor and naturalist*

ANATOLE, *his ward*

BAPTISTE, *servant*

FRANÇOIS, *servant to Prosper*

LOUISE DE LA GLACIÈRE

Mlle. SUZANNE DE RUSEVILLE, *her cousin*

MATHILDE, *sister to Louise*

Mlle. ZENOBIE, *sister to Brisemouche*

MADAME DUPONT, *housekeeper*

PAULINE, *maid*

Martha Lamberton

Norma Allen

Marion Hamblet

Marion Brooks

Marion Winklebleck

Mildred Akerley

Aurelia Hillman

Sarah Cushing

Ada Wilkey

Betty Gleason

Jessie Nye

Marion Barnard

Senior Middle Play

"The Violin Maker of Cremona"

TADDEO FERRARI
FILIPPO
SANDRO
GIANNINA
PAGES

VIOLIN MAKERS

CITIZENS

Sylvia Gutterson
Agnes Grant
Marion Selden
Helene Hardy
{ Ruth Ottman
Lillon Hamer

{ Lois Erickson
Esther Van Dervoort
Elsa Wade
Elizabeth Wood
{ Helen Warfield
Dorothy Gilbert
Louise King
Florence Cruzen
Josephine Tonner
Emma Stohn
Eleanor Black
Dorothy Dann
Esther Kilton
Lucy Squire
Agnes Leslie
Grace Merrill



Grinds

TEACHER TO M. GARDNER: "How often did you use Palmer method this week?"

M. G.: "Oh, I only used it in my written work."

QUESTION: "What's the number of our fire-alarm?"

ANSWER: "413."

M. K - - T: "My gracious! Does it blow four hundred and thirteen times?"

E. SH.: "There are four kinds of Seniors at this table: an Academic Senior, a College Senior, a Special Senior, and a senior eater."

E. B. (*in psychology*): "When you're thinking about what you're thinking about you can't think about what you're thinking about."

M. B - - - - D: "A basilica has three aisles and apes at the end."

Some people are born with knowledge, some acquire it, and others have it thrust upon them. Which of these applies to E. Wood?

SOME ONE AT TABLE: "We're going to have a lecture by a Frenchwoman impersonating Marie Antoinette."

BABE: "O, she's the one the Infirmary's named after, isn't she?"

A. G.: "We eat half of silent time at Miss Blank's table."

MISS B.: "Are we animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

A SENIOR: "Vegetable."

MISS B.: "What kind of a vegetable are you, Marion?"

E. S.: "I refrained from offering you any more ice cream."

M. L.: "Was it a sweet refrain?"

ON AN ENGLISH IV THEME: "He wore a Van Dyck beard and whiskers."

MISS H - - - Y: "Theodore Roosevelt and all the other Bull Mice."

LOIS (*giving the news*): "Maxine Elliott has given an ambulance to the hospital corpse."

R. H - TH - W - Y (*in Elocution*): "He swam the Eske river where ford there was none."
"Thank goodness, there is one place where there's no Ford."

M. W.: "What nationality is Maeterlinck?"

B. GL - - s - N: "I don't know, it didn't say in *Masters in Art*."

MISS B. (*at table*): "Well, Peggy, how do you like your new room?"

P. MARKENS: "Oh! we just love it! We hang out of the windows all the time."

NORMA: "Is a blue-spruce ever green?"

SOMEBODY EATING SHERBET: "This snow was canned last January."

C. E.: "By the way, have you read Scott's *Talisman*?"

H. C.: "Yes, wasn't it good?"

C. E.: "Well, have you read Scott's Emulsion?"

H C.: "No, I haven't."

C. E.: "Neither have I!"

R. H.: "You will have to put that in the Class Book."

E. S.: "Oh, that was a punk joke!"

R. H.: "That's why it ought to go in."

L. Sw - - - d: "I have had such interesting letters from brother who is travelling in Panama."

SOME ONE: "You will have to publish them."

L. S.: "Yes; 'Travels of a Donkey'."

TEACHER: "Did you read David Copperfield, Marie?"

MARIE G - RD - N - R: "What did he write anyhow, 'The Spy'?"

fresh from the fun-Smith's forge

Query.—What's the difference between M. Barnard and M. Williams? *Ans.*—One is all head and the other is all feet.

Query.—What is it that binds D. Williams and E. Barton so closely together? *Ans.*—A "String".

Query.—Why is a girl who likes to gossip like an Abbot radiator? *Ans.*—Because they are both leaky.

Query.—Why is C. Leach like Abbot Hall? *Ans.*—Because they both have some dome.

Query.—What is the favorite meat at Abbot? *Ans.*— "Lam".

Query.—What is the favorite cut of meat? *Ans.*— "Chuck".

Query.—What is the sure cure for all Abbot ills? *Ans.*— A "Pill".

Chinese Laundry

Likee Hottee Bow-wow

Chilly Chilly Wilkee

"Wow!"— Muchee Sing Sing

Laughee Velly Hi Hi

Talkee Lottee

Allee Kisse Goodnight

'Fraidee Gettee Stoutee

— E. Kilton

— A. Wilkey

— Glee Club

— C. Eaton

— R. Hathaway

— Water Cooler

— I. Little

Can You Imagine It?

Agnes Leslie talking a blue streak in a loud and boisterous manner!

Lois, wearing a gloomy frown, without either Jane or Ruth in the near vicinity!

Friday evening. Dard in her room darning stockings!

Norma without dimples!

Miss Bailey eating a "Billy Sundae" with chocolate marshmallow cake, at Lowe's.

Mr. Ashton without a joke!

Ruth Hathaway with her mouth sealed!

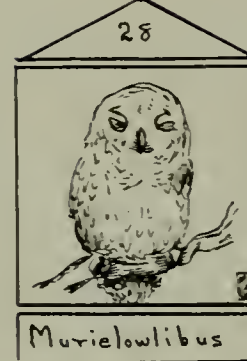
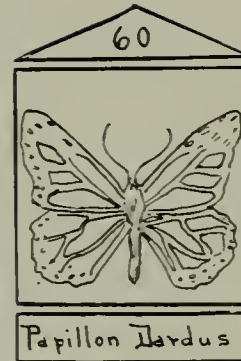
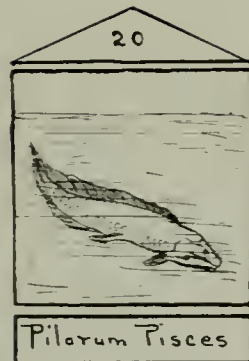
The Honor Roll without Agnes Grant!

Dot Pill an opera singer!

Lucy Squire with a primer!

Senior Day Scholars' room in order!

Vera without pills!



ABBOT MENAGERIE

A few Words of Advice for Crushes

Always make *Her* bed.

Flowers are always appreciated.

Stick around — and don't let *Her* forget you.

Never leave *Her* alone.

Never waste time studying when you can talk to *Her*.

When in company, look at *Her* meltingly.

It's good form to do *Her* mending.

See that *She* never talks to anyone when you're not there to chaperon.

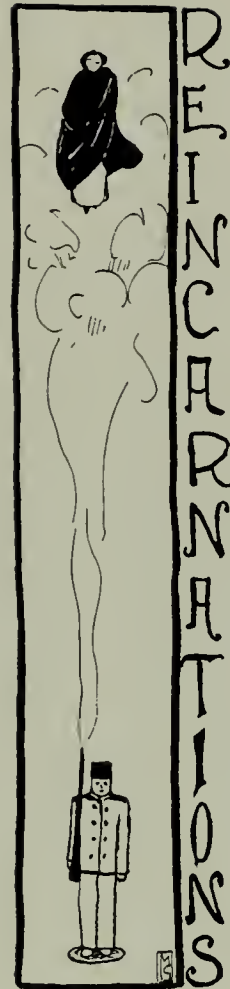
Inspect *Her* mail.

Embrace *Her* publicly. *She* will understand.

Always cultivate *Her* point of view.

These suggestions may prove helpful, but if further information is desired, send stamped envelope.

A SUCCESSFUL CRUSH



NAPOLEON

PANDORA

DAMON
and
PYTHIAS }

SIR GALAHAD

MONA LISA

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

THE SPHINX

ANTHONY
and
CLEOPATRA }

JEANNE D'ARC

ROMEO

CAESAR

LEONARDO DA VINCI

MRS. MALAPROP

Miss Howey

C. Morris

{ *Miss Kelsey*
and
Miss Mason

M. Brooks

M. Gardner

Professor Taylor

J. Nye

{ *M. Crockett*
and
P. Jackson

M. Freeman

E. Kilton

A. Grant

M. Larrabee

L. Squire

When I Love Her

(Apologies to the Ladies Home Journal)

When she exclaims mid peals of glee at the becoming new gown I wear, when everyone knows it dates back to the Civil War period — Oh! How I love her!

When she walks over my “Busy” sign and wants to rub my head when I had just dozed off to sleep — Mercy! How I love her!

Yes, when she borrows all my postage stamps and forgets to return them. Then it is I love her.

When she carols gaily into my room at 6 A.M., slams down my window and then proceeds to gently administer cold water — Then how I love her!

When I have a brilliant idea and am just about to give it utterance, then she beats me to it — ye gods! how I love her!



A WINTER'S TALE



Abbot Clock

A.M.

- 5.50 Smell of coffee — on second floor front.
- 6.00 Sounds of many alarms.
- 6.01 Ada uncloses one eye.
- 6.05 String thrusts forth her tootsie-wootsies.
- 6.20 Jo Walker carols merrily.
- 6.30 Si begins her bath.
- 6.35 Serenade from iceman.
- 6.40 Harriet Balfe hears Milly get out of bed.
- 6.50 K. Odell takes her morning dose.
- 7.00 E. Frary brushes her teeth. I wonder where?
- 7.29 Dot Fairfield finally decides to quit her downy couch.
- 7.30 Breakfast bell.
- 7.40 Jane Holt asks for a cup of coffee.
- 7.50 Dot Gilbert takes her fifth roll.
- 8.20 Jane sharpens a pencil for Lois.
- 8.30 Frances Moses gets a letter from ——!
- 9.10 Dard does her hair a new way.
- 9.40 Ted decides upon whom to bestow her affections next.
- 10.00 Chuck wishes “Christmas” were here.
- 11.50 Enticing odors from lower regions.

P.M.

- 12.50 E. Van Dervoort looks longingly at the remaining sausages.
- 2.00 Charlotte wishes she had John's hand to hold.
- 3.00 Charlotte Eaton giggles.
- 5.00 Julie Sherman says something "fresh".
- 6.00 Jo Tonner looks in the mirror and her thoughts fly "West"-ward.
- 8.00 "Barbs" pouts.
- 8.30 Lois and Ruth Moore are sent out of the Library.
- 9.00 Lois has "full house".
- 9.40 Miss Mason makes a little trip to Miss Kelsey's room.
- 10.00 Sudden darkness — squeals.
- 10.05 Miss Sherman hears a noise and — investigates.
- 10.10 Miss Bancroft hears a noise and — winks.





GLEE CLUB

MARION BROOKS, *Leader*

Margaret Perry

Pauline Jackson

Margaret Markens

Ruth Jackson

Esther Davis

Norma Allen

Elizabeth Wood

Jessie Nye

Martha Williams

Mildred Crockett

Helene Hardy

Katherine Adams



FIDELIO

M. Gardner
E. Stohn
S. Gutterson
M. Freeman
E. Van Dervoort
D. Bushnell
R. Allen
B. Kenyon
H. Dole
M. Toye
H. Robertson

E. Milliken
G. Francis
K. Odell
J. Perry
M. Mitchell
M. Bartlett
G. Brooks
K. Pinckney
E. Wood
A. Grant
R. Lindsay

G. Merrill
D. Fairfield
J. Tonner
J. Sherman
L. Kimball
H. Warfield
B. Ferguson
H. Hardy
L. King
D. Dann
K. Adams

A. Prescott
C. Sargent
M. Perry
D. Williams
E. Parker
E. Wade
L. Squire
C. Fleming
R. Jackson
M. Markens
M. Selden



ABBOT CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

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MARTHA LAMBERTON

Vice-President

DOROTHY PILLSBURY

Secretary

MATTIE LARRABEE

Treasurer

The Student Council

The students of the school constitute a Student Council. The purpose of this organization is to increase real interest in the school, to encourage each girl to contribute to its welfare in every way, and to uphold the good reputation of the school, both within and without. The members of the Council elect a committee to represent them, and to aid them in executing this purpose.



REPRESENTATIVES OF STUDENT COUNCIL

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Dorothy Pillsbury
Marion Brooks
Marjorie Freeman
Katherine Adams
Lois Erickson

Sylvia Gutterson
Ruth Jackson
Martha Lamberton
Esther Davis
Jessie Nye



ATHLETICS



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

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MARJORIE FREEMAN
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President
Secretary
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ESTHER SHELDON, *Captain*

MARION SELDEN, *Manager*

Muriel Baker

Marion Brooks

Arline Talcott

Esther Davis

Elsa Wade

Ruth Lindsay



COURANT BOARD

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DOROTHY DANN

RUTH JACKSON

The Last Will and Testament of 1915

We, the Senior Class of 1915 of Abbot Academy, do give and bequeath the following privileges to the loyal underclassmen, to have and to hold as long as they remain members of this institution:—

TO THE PREPS —

Awe of upper classmen.

Privilege of retiring at 9.15.

Going to sleep at lectures.

TO THE JUNIORS —

A morsel of dignity.

Keeping silent in chapel.

The joy of being an old girl and lending a hand to the homesick preps.

TO THE JUNIOR-MIDS —

Great expectations of the “Prom”.

Joy of giving the news.

Exerting personality and influence.

TO THE SENIOR-MIDS —

The privilege of carving an obstreperous fowl now and then on Sundays.

The privilege of walking out of the dining-room with one arm embracing the dainty waist of a member of the faculty.

The pleasure of losing yourself in the depths of philosophy.

The joy and inspiration of being a Senior.

And in the hands of all place the honor of preserving the traditions and advancing the standard of our dear Alma Mater.

Signed

THE CLASS OF 1915



ABOUT AMERICAN LIBERTY
ABOUT 1942

